and in the moſt exact regard, ſupport the worſhippes of their name, O moſt ſmall fault, how vgly didſt thou in *Cordelia* ſhew, that like an engine wrencht my frame of nature from the fixt place, drew from my heart all loue, & added to the gall; ô *Lear*, *Lear*! beate at this gate that let thy folly in, and thy deare iudgment out, goe, goe, my people?

Duke. My Lord, I am guiltleſſe as I am ignorant.

Lear. It may be ſo my Lord, harke *Nature*, heare deere Goddeſſe, ſuſpend thy purpoſe, if thou didſt intend to make this creture fruitefull, into her wombe conuey ſterility, dry vp in her the Organs of encreaſe, and from her derogate body neuer ſpring a babe to honor her; if ſhe muſt teem, create her childe of ſpleen, that it may liue and be a thourt diſuetur'd torment to her, let it ſtampe wrinckles in her brow of youth, with accent teares, fret channels in her cheekes, turne all her mothers paines and benefits to laughter and contempt, that ſhee may feele, how ſharper then a ſerpents tooth it is, to haue a thankleſſe childe, goe, goe, my people?

Duke. Now Gods that we adore, whereof comes this!

Gon. Neuer afflict your ſelfe to know the cauſe, but let his diſpoſition haue that ſcope that dotage giues it.

Lear. What, fifty of my followers at a clap, within a fortnight?

Duke. What is the matter ſir?

Lear. Ile tell thee, life and death! I am aſham'd that thou haſt power to ſhake my man-hood thus, that theſe hot teares that breake from me perforce, ſhould make the worſt blaſts and fogs vpon the vntender woundings of a fathers curſe, peruſe euery ſence about the olde fond eies, be-weepe this cauſe againe, ile plucke you out, and you caſt with the waters that you make to temper clay, yea, is it come to this? yet haue I left a daughter, whom I am ſure is kinde and comfortable, when ſhe ſhall heare this of thee, with her nailes ſhee'l flay thy woluiſh viſage, thou ſhalt finde that ile reſume the ſhape, which thou doeſt thinke I haue caſt off for euer, thou ſhalt I warrant thee. *Exit.*

Gon. Do you marke that my Lord?

Duke. I cannot be ſo partiall *Gonorill* to the great loue I beare you.

Gon.

Gon. Come ſir, no more; you, more knaue then foole, after your maſter.

Foole. Nuncle *Lear*, Nuncle *Lear*, tarry and take the foole with a fox when one has caught her, and ſuch a daughter, ſhould ſure to the ſlaughter, if my cap would buy a halter, ſo the foole followes after.

Gon. What *Oſwald*, ho.

Oſwald. Heere Madam.

Gon. What, haue you writ this letter to my ſiſter?

Oſw. Yes Madam.

Gon. Take you ſome company, and away to horſe, informe her full of my particular feares, and thereto adde ſuch reaſons of your owne, as may compact it more, get you gone, and after your returne——now my Lord, this mildie gentleneſſe and courſe of yours though I diſlike not, yet vnder pardon y'are much more alapt want of wiſedome, then praiſe for harmfull mildneſſe.

Duke. How farre your eies may pierce I cannot tell,
Striuing to better ought, we marre what's well.

Gon. Nay then——

Duke. Well, well, the euent. *Exit.*

Enter Lear, Kent, and Foole.

Lear. Go you before to *Gloceſter* with theſe Letters, acquaint my daughter no further with any thing you know, then comes from her demand out of the Letter, if your diligence be not ſpeedie, I ſhall be there before you.

Kent. I will not ſleepe my Lord, till I haue deliuered your letter. *Exit.*

Foole. If a mans braines were in his heeles, wert not in danger of kybes? *Lear.* I boy.

Foole. Then I prethee be merry, thy wit ſhall nere go ſlipſhod.

Lear. Ha, ha, ha.

Foole. Shalt ſee thy other daughter will vſe thee kindly, for though ſhe is as like this, as a crabbe is like an apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.

Lear. Why what canſt thou tell my boy?

Foole. Shee'l taſte as like this, as a crab doth to a crab; thou canſt